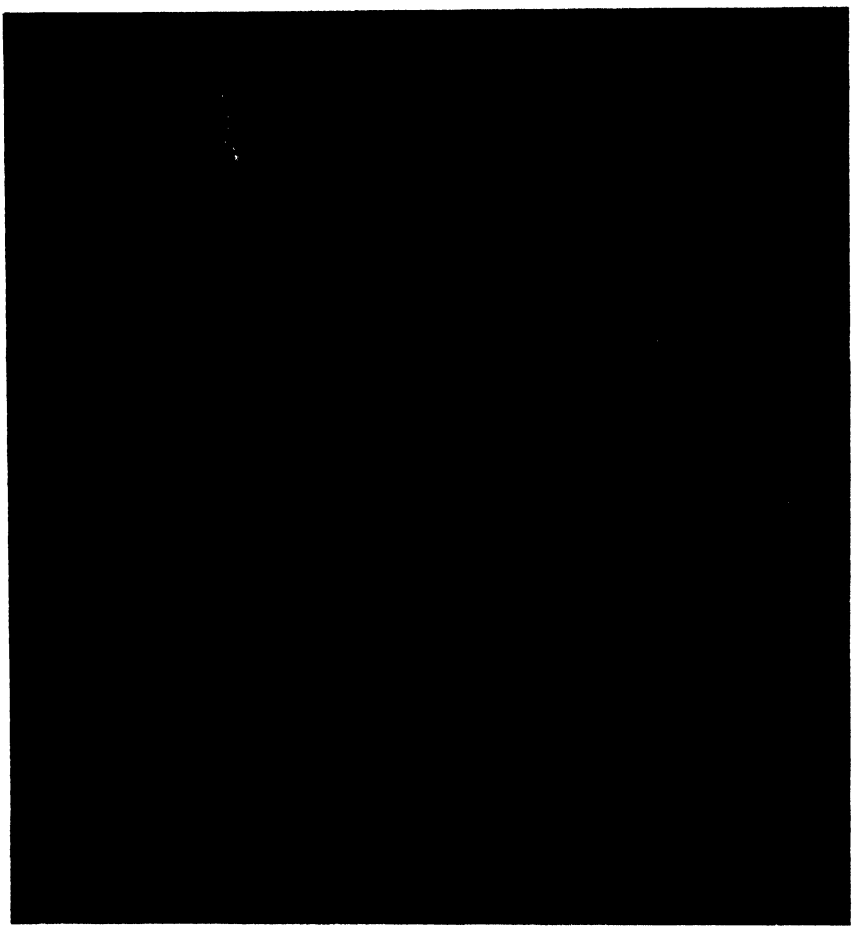
MOSES SOYER

by Bernard Smith

AN A. C. A. GALLERY PUBLICATION
63 East 57th Street, New York

Copyright 1944
by A. C. A. Gallery



The New Costume. 1939. Collection Mr. & Mrs. Saul Rosen.

A FEW YEARS AGO, writing of himself and his brothers, Moses Soyer said: "Our message is People. . . . The people we paint are the plain people we live and mingle with, people we know and understand best: members of our families, fellow artists, students, dancers, shopgirls, workers employed and unemployed. We try to paint them understandingly in their own surroundings, and in natural attitudes. We like especially to paint young people, boys

and girls just past the stage of adolescence who face the world bravely and idealistically and are eager to accomplish great things."

More recently, writing now only of himself, he remarked: "Most of my painting reflects an interest in the casual moments in the life of plain people, the gestures and natural attitudes they fall into when they perform habitual tasks, when they are in thought and when they are not observed by other people."

In those two very simple, unpretentious statements of his artistic credo, Moses Soyer has described the whole body of his work to date. It is hazardous to predict an artist's future, yet it seems most unlikely that his development will in any way contradict either what he has painted in the past or what he has written about his painting. He has searched and has found himself; he is mature—and the process has been an inevitable growth from the shy, almost timid, certainly reticent canvases of fifteen years ago. If today there are signs of a new mood and a new interest, they indicate an expansion, a broadening, rather than a significant departure. His primary concern will always be people, and always the "plain people"—the people he knows and understands best. We can only expect that as his personal experience enlarges and his craft becomes even surer than it now is, his vision will be correspondingly enlarged and his expression of it bolder. We cannot expect that it will change. He has been and will continue to be a humane realist.

He is thus in the main stream of American painting. The history of non-academic art in this country is perhaps too short to contain within it a "tradition," yet if we have anything worthy of so impressive a label, it is precisely the realistic treatment of everyday life, everyday people, caught in their natural moments, viewed sympathetically and depicted sincerely. In that "tradition" we have had painters as diverse in character—and as different in talent—as Eakins, Homer, John Sloan, George Luks, Robert Henri, "Pop" Hart, George Bellows, and Boardman Robinson. We have had other kinds of painters, too—painters with very great gifts and unique visions who cannot be fitted into our "tradition." But the emphasis, in their cases, should be upon the word "unique." Not only are they outside the main stream; they cannot easily be grouped together. Their antecedents and correspondences are apt to be European, and their methods and conceptions are generally personal in a sense in which those of the painters in our "tradition" are not.

Reference
759.1

To put it briefly, Paris has barely influenced Soyer, just as it barely influenced the older American realists. All modern American painting has been profoundly affected by the French school in the important respect that the creative energy of our artists was relieved of the dead weight of the academy by the winds that blew out of France. Nor can it be denied that all our contemporary artists have learned from the experiments of the great Frenchmen (and the Spaniards and Jews who made Paris their home). But it is none the less true that those influences and teachings have been largely indirect so far as our realistic "tradition" is concerned. In Soyer's case, not even a long sojourn in Paris itself could materially alter either his interests or his methods. His intense admiration for the recent French masters, his close study of all modern European painting, has not been reflected—at least not in any obvious way—in his own work. If we are to find French models for Soyer's canvases they are to be found in Daumier and Degas rather than their successors—in the modern French realists rather than the experimentalists, expressionists or surrealists. In sum, like the older Americans whom I have mentioned, Soyer's object is above all to reveal people in the act of living. Hence his method is conditioned by that object. His ceaseless toil to improve, strengthen, and make surer his craft is an effort to make clearer and deeper the revelation, not an effort to make the craft itself the object. The latter task—the task of visual adventure and formal experiment—a task that is wholly necessary in art, and which must constantly be undertaken if art is to have vitality and renewal—he leaves almost entirely to others. There is no question here of conflict, nor of a hierarchy of values. Soyer has simply chosen to do what he is interested most in doing and what he knows he is capable of doing. There are many mansions in art, and room in all of them for many kinds of artists—if only they be artists.

His preoccupations and his sentiments seem natural to a man of his background. I do not mean that one can invariably deduce an artist's point of view from the facts of his life. Indeed, the biographical analysis of art is apt to be a series of pitfalls for the ingenuous. Soyer's racial and social origins can be summed up in the phrase: impoverished Russian Jewish. But so can the origins of three of the most celebrated painters of our day, Soutine, Weber, and Chagall—and it would be difficult to imagine more dissimilar works than the powerful and moving expressionism of Soutine, the early cubism of Weber, and the fantastic surrealism of Chagall, with its curious mixture of bitterness and pathos. It is reasonable to compare the artistic expressions of these men in relation to their virtually identical social backgrounds—and it is

clear that Soyer's intentions as well as the character of his expression are completely different from those of his renowned compatriots. The same point can be made through a comparison closer home—to several of his contemporaries in New York—who also come of poor Russian Jewish homes and whose canvases are also significantly unlike his.

I am not referring to style, the most personal and individual aspect of any artist's work, in any art, and of which the psychological source usually eludes explanation. I am referring to what an artist tries to express, what he is interested in, and to the intellectual-emotional complex behind the intention. Rarely are we sufficiently informed about an artist's life to enable us to determine why he thinks and feels as he does and why he undertakes to create the things he does create, and even when we do have the facts our conclusions are often *ex post facto* and incapable of rigorous proof. Reactions to private experience and public events are only roughly predictable; and that there are contradictory reactions is one of the platitudes of criticism. That is not to say, however, that the critic exists in a world which lacks causality—a world of chance and illogic. Although not dogmatically, and with rather coarse definition, we *can* perceive an approximate relationship between an artist's life and his work, his outlook and his times, his methods and those of his predecessors and models. We are therefore justified, for example, in assuming some connection between a life which has constantly been in contact with poverty and social struggle and an art which reveals a sensitiveness to the pains and hopes of human beings in the immediate environment.

Soyer was born in 1899 in the town of Borisoglebsk, Russia. He says of his birthplace, "Maxim Gorky mentions it in one of his books . . . [and] describes it as a poverty-stricken, muddy, mean, hopeless town, typical of so many towns that were strewn all over the face of Old Russia." He was one of twins, his brother being Raphael Soyer. The father was a teacher of Hebrew history and language, a scholar and an author, but more than that a lover of art. It was he who fostered in his sons, including a younger one, Isaac, the desire to become artists, would often draw for them, and at last became their first and most patient model. The mother was described by Moses as "quiet and reserved, by nature rather melancholy and brooding," and also with a flair for the artistic. "We used to love to watch her embroider on towels and tablespreads illustrations of Russian fairy tales in vivid, bright color schemes."

Their life in that town could not have been very joyous. As Jews they

had to suffer degrading restrictions, insults, persecution. In addition, few opportunities for earning a livelihood were available to a Jew in the Russia of the Czars. The Soyers were always poor. "There were times," Moses recalls, "when there was not enough food in the house and no money for rent, and I remember days when we stayed home from school for lack of enough clothing. We were often ill." He recalls some brighter moments, too, however. There was an unforgettable trip to Moscow, when they visited the Tretiakoff Gallery of Art and the boys were awestruck by the violent canvases of the Russian historical painters. There was a sympathetic drawing teacher at school who encouraged and helped the boys. And above all there were the students and the young restless workers of the town who would gather in the Soyer house, because of their affection and respect for the father of the home, and there they would talk, argue, and sing their songs that were full of yearning and sadness but tinged with implied revolt. The students would help Moses and Raphael with their studies and coach them in foreign languages, so that the boys learned some French and German—no mean accomplishment for lower-class Jews in Old Russia.

These gatherings at the Soyers' were finally the cause of the family's undoing. The Czar's police knew very well that any gathering of youth, and particularly of students, was an occasion for airing liberal ideas. They were therefore frowned upon and often forbidden. In Borisoglebsk the remedy was obvious, since the center of "disturbance" was a Jew. In the fall of 1912 Mr. Soyer received an order from the governor of the province permanently banishing him from Russia. A few weeks later the family set out for the United States.

They landed in Philadelphia and the boys were promptly sent to school. In a short time, however, the family moved on to New York and settled in a poor neighborhood in the Bronx, where again the process of schooling and Americanization began. The twins completed grammar school in two years and went on to high school. Moses Soyer recalls that "we were good in English composition and history, but we failed regularly in drawing! Only in the badly lighted and ill-ventilated back room in our apartment, which our mother allotted to us, were we happy. Here we three brothers did our lessons, posed nude for one another, painted and drew our parents and sisters, and the children of our neighbors."

Moses and Raphael worked in the mornings selling newspapers, often in the evenings as "soda jerkers," but the family's poverty was unrelieved

thereby. The twins decided, when they were in their fourth year at high school, to go to work. But at the same time they were determined to take up art in earnest, and accordingly they enrolled in the National Academy of Design and began to devote all their free time to painting and drawing. At the Academy they were taught that John Singer Sargent was the world's greatest artist. They were taught nothing whatever about Eakins and Ryder. No one mentioned Bellows, Sloan, and Henri. Everything that the word "academy" represents in art formed the oppressive atmosphere in which whatever unconventionality, boldness, and enthusiasm the boys had were systematically discouraged and suppressed, so that they began soon to lose their identities as artists.

A friend brought Moses to the Ferrer Art School one day. It was a radical club in an old building situated in the Spanish section of Harlem. For a small fee the students could draw from a model and were entitled to submit their work for criticism to Henri and Bellows, who came to the school on alternate Sundays. Moses made a drawing and hung it on the wall alongside the others. Henri was the instructor-critic that day. "What a warm, magnetic, generous personality was his! Gaunt, lined, sad-eyed, Henri made me think," writes Moses, "of Abraham Lincoln. He was a marvelous talker. He spoke slowly and deliberately in a low voice, interspersing his talk with homely anecdotes of his art-school days in Paris. . . . He took it (my drawing) apart mercilessly yet kindly, pointing out its superficiality, its lack of character, its empty cleverness. He used terms such as 'significant form,' 'volume,' and 'space relationship' that were foreign to me, and mentioned names I had never heard." There, too, Moses encountered for the first time a copy of one of the most famous American radical magazines, the old *Liberator,* in which he found a drawing by Daumier (which he has not forgotten to this day) and work by Sloan, Luks, Glackens and other new artists who were fighting the academy—all the academies in all spheres of thought—as well as by such cartoonists as Boardman Robinson, Art Young, and William Gropper.

That day finished the National Academy of Design as far as the Soyers were concerned. They had already made up their minds to study in different art schools anyway, in order to overcome the similarities in their work. Raphael began to plan to study at the Art Students League. The young brother, Isaac, who was a senior in high school, registered at the Cooper Union Art School. Moses transferred to the Educational Alliance Art School. The three brothers were finally separated—artistically, that is—and they were

henceforth to go their own ways and develop distinctly individual characteristics. They would never lose certain traits in common. Always, and especially in the case of Raphael and Moses, there would be an obvious though superficial resemblance in style. But if the admitted similarity of subject material and the shared general point of view are ignored, no critic can fail to perceive vital differences in their work. When Raphael and Moses jointly painted two mural panels for a Philadelphia post office, during the mid-1930's, under a commission from the Section of Fine Arts of the United States Treasury, they discovered that in the years since their Academy days they had acquired painting habits, choices of palettes, and methods of approach that could not have been more different if they had been strangers. Today the perceptive critic cannot talk of Moses and Raphael Soyer as a pair. Each is a painter in his own right, with distinct qualities and with sensibilities of his own to validate. If one has the truer line, the other has the truer sense of mass. If one has a more delicate touch, the other is stronger, more vigorous.

The Educational Alliance is a settlement house on East Broadway, in the heart of the East Side slum. Its art school, tenanted principally by immigrants and the children of immigrants, was run on the most progressive lines conceivable: it encouraged complete freedom of thought and expression, permitted unrestricted experimentation. The models were the pople of the neighborhood—a grey-bearded Jewish patriarch, a jolly Italian woman, a Gypsy, a Negro, anyone who might be met walking on East Broadway. Soyer found it a relief and an inspiration to paint from such models after years of the unvarying nude posed against a colorless wall. After several years of study and work there, Soyer was appointed instructor in one of the life classes. He adopted Robert Henri's teaching methods, and his class soon became the most popular in the school. At last, in 1926, he was awarded a fellowship to travel in Europe. He promptly married a girl who was one of his students and at the same time a student of the modern dance at the Neighborhood Playhouse, and two weeks later they were on their way to Paris.

He admits now that he was too immature to benefit much from the fellowship. He could only gather impressions to be sorted and evaluated in the future. Among them was a feeling that beneath the gaiety and the exciting artistic activity of Paris there were the beginnings of decadence. The honest and original work was still being done by the older men—Matisse, Picasso, Rouault, Soutine, Derain. The younger French artists were mere

copyists and snobs. The American colony seemed to him to be isolated from both American and French cultures. Hence he barely participated in the art life of the city. They spent much time among the peasants of Provence and more time traveling elsewhere on the continent, especially Holland. In 1928 their funds began to run out. They returned to the United States—on the eve of the depression.

After Paris, American art seemed to Soyer to be "full of vigor and strength, and alive in content." He threw himself eagerly into the art world of New York, but the struggle to sustain himself and gain recognition soon proved to be bitter and difficult. With the coming of the depression the always precarious existence of the younger painters became almost impossible. They were rescued only by the providence of government action. First came the Treasury Department's Public Works of Art project, for which Soyer painted a large picture of the East Side waterfront; then the Treasury's Section of Fine Arts, for which he painted, with Raphael, the panels previously mentioned; and finally the W.P.A. art project, for which he executed a series of ten panels dealing with child life which have since been installed in a New York orphan asylum. In the meantime his easel-painting was not neglected. The man is a tireless worker. Short, slight, gentle of voice and manner, one would suppose that he is fragile rather than indefatigable, yet the fact is he paints long hours day after day. It is not mere industriousness that animates him, however; it is a passion to paint, to paint more skillfully, to paint more truly. In the area of observation and feeling that he has marked off for himself, he has sought relentlessly to secure the mastery that is within the range of his talents.

The products of his easel began to appear regularly in group shows. The first occasion was in 1926 at J. B. Neumann's, where he was hung along with Kuhn, Sheeler, Weber, Burliuk, Becker and Fiene.* It was not long before he was attracting favorable attention. Neumann felt justified in giving him a one-man show in 1929. It was a critical success. A second show was held in 1936 at the Kleeman Gallery. Macbeth showed him in 1940, '41, and '43. The Boyer Gallery in Philadelphia showed him in 1936 and '37, the Little Gallery in Washington in 1939 and '40. By now there were collectors who were buying his canvases frequently. Examples of his work were bought for

* He subsequently became a close friend of some of these men, particularly Burliuk. His relationship with Burliuk, an early and very gifted expressionist, has been particularly intimate and generous. Others with whom Soyer has been associated are Peter Blume and Louis Ribak in his student days, Joseph Stella, Nicolai Cikovsky, Abraham Walkowitz, and Chaim Gross in recent years.

the permanent collections of the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, the Los Angeles, Newark, and Toledo Museums, the Swope Gallery in Terre Haute, and the Congressional Library. The reviews of his shows in the metropolitan press contained phrases like these: "A rich, resonant feeling for color" . . . "an artist of marked taste, inventiveness and originality" . . . "an accomplished draftsman" . . . "has mastered the ABC of anatomy so well that he can afford to forget about it and give spontaneity to his remarkable range of bodily expression" . . . "assured craftsmanship and quiet felicity of color" . . . "warm human insight" . . . "an artist of individuality." In short, he has come to be regarded seriously as a serious painter, and he is one of a relatively small group of American artists of his generation of whom that can be said.

I do not want my statement of his position to be misconstrued. I certainly do not want his position to be exaggerated. He has not been widely publicized. He has not created a "school" and controversies do not rage over him. There is nothing spectacular or even particularly exciting about either the man or his work. The man is rather quiet and unassuming. He has stayed in his studio and has painted honestly and with utterly sincere emotion what he genuinely knows and understands, in the manner that is most natural to him. The result is a body of work that is similarly rather quiet and unassuming and frankly bearing the stamp of the studio. That is not the kind of work that stirs up a great noise. It fails to be fashionable because the colors are not brilliant enough, the composition not sufficiently decorative, the subjects not provocative and not glamorous; it fails to be discussed because it is neither eccentric, nor aggressively American, nor regional, nor anything else that lends itself to news stories. It is merely first-rate painting, deeply felt and thoroughly comprehended, in the realistic (*not* the pictorial or the photographic) "tradition." Undeniably, the range has so far been limited. But that is equally true of some of the great painters of the past. The problem is not primarily how large the canvas is or how far the artist has roamed. It is at all times the validity and beauty of his communication to the spectator. Not long ago a picture magazine with an immense national circulation enthusiastically publicized some paintings of the ballet by an attractive young woman. I invite the reader to compare them—with all their sentimentality, prettiness, and pictorial artifice—with the paintings of dancers and ballet girls by Moses Soyer. I can quite understand that Soyer's canvases would not impart much glamour to the pages of a popular magazine. They are not pretty, they are not conspic-

uously decorative. But I am sure that their honesty, their realism, their fine feeling for the human beings who dance as well as for the pleasing lines of their bodies, will be treasured a good deal longer by those who love both the dance and painting.

He is not a path-breaker, not an aesthetic revolutionary. His conceptions are not of the greatest magnitude. One is tempted, of course, to ask cynically if there are many among the younger American artists of whom that could not be said. But that is perhaps unnecessary. Soyer has made and is continuing to make an appreciable contribution to the visual understanding of our community. In so doing he has given us canvases that please and move us and that are durable. An artist needs no other justification to be regarded not simply seriously, but also affectionately. And when, in addition, he has the distinction of having been among the first to look into certain significant but theretofore usually ignored or hidden phases of modern life, then we know that his position is assured as a figure to be reckoned with in contemporary art.

The realistic "tradition" has not been a static thing. It has moved, changed. We can make a parallel with realism in American literature. Eakins and Homer were contemporaries of Frank Norris and Stephen Crane; Sloan, Luks, and Bellows were contemporaries of Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, and Sherwood Anderson; the Soyers belong with the painters whose literary counterparts are Steinbeck, Caldwell, and Farrell. The change has been from direct observation, whether inspired by a tragic sense or by an urbane taste for the enjoyment of the actual, toward observation so intimate that it becomes participation—a movement from looking sympathetically at the people toward becoming one with the people.

In such painting the eye is less concerned with the obviously picturesque than with the significant inner reality. Compare, for example, Reginald Marsh's flamboyant and amusing paintings of dressed-up colored girls with Soyer's quiet, painful canvas of a Negress ironing (a product of the early 1930's). The one gives us a spectacle (and does it brilliantly); the other gives us a moment of experience. The point is capable of even broader interpretation. In studying the paintings of the Whitney group—Sloan, Luks, Hart, et al.—we feel always a kind of Whitmanesque mood. These painters seem to be saying to us, "Here are the people—vigorous, lusty, suffering, loving, brawling." Sometimes the mood takes a tragic turn; more often it is an appreciative mood—appreciation of the color of life, of reality. In Soyer's work the

artist does not mingle with the people—he *is* the people. He seems to be saying, "Here we are—hurt, shoved aside, but still alive, still resisting, still hoping." Neither the condescension of pity nor the insult of charity is here. Rather there is an implied protest, an undercurrent of anger, together with the simplicity of atmosphere that is the inarticulate, subdued mood of merely being. The points of view and the moods of the Whitney group and the Soyers are equally interesting and perhaps equally to be cherished, but they are different and require different critical approaches.

The characteristic Soyers—which is to say the canvases that Soyer's name has usually brought to mind and that represent the *kind* of work with which he has so far been identified—are the products chiefly of the 1930's. They were painted, in other words, during the depression; and they reflect their period. Among them, for example, are a picture of an employment agency which successfully conveys an atmosphere of shabbiness and resignation; a picture of a group of dockworkers composed as a simple pattern of faces, black and white, young and old, but all grim and tired; a study of an old worker, his face gaunt and lined by years of labor and haunted by a sense of defeat; a picture of a homeless man, the title of which, "Alone," says all that needs to be said about it; several canvases, poignant and tender, of young seamstresses, their thin bodies bent over sewing machines. (One of the latter, dated 1938, hangs in the Metropolitan.) We find also a number of Negro studies, which are remarkable for their objectivity; for there is no racial feeling in them whatever. They are simply studies of human beings the color of whose skin happens to be dark instead of light. That lack of color consciousness, that refusal to exploit both the romantic and the tragic traditions of the race, is not only unique among white painters, but extremely rare even among their Negro colleagues. It is an additional indication of Soyer's interest in people as inhabitants of our community, not as pictorial drama.

There is, of course, another group of canvases that are characteristically Soyer—paintings of dancers and models, almost all of them young girls of fresh and natural visage and rather frail bodies, never chic, never provocative, never in sophisticated settings and generally caught in familiar gestures. A single mood pervades these works—a wistful and tender sympathy for those charming and appealing creatures who live precariously on the fringes of the art and dance worlds. The interior being is not, to be sure, the artist's sole interest in these subjects. There is nothing insensitive about his modeling of their graceful legs and young breasts; and in the studies of dancers, whether

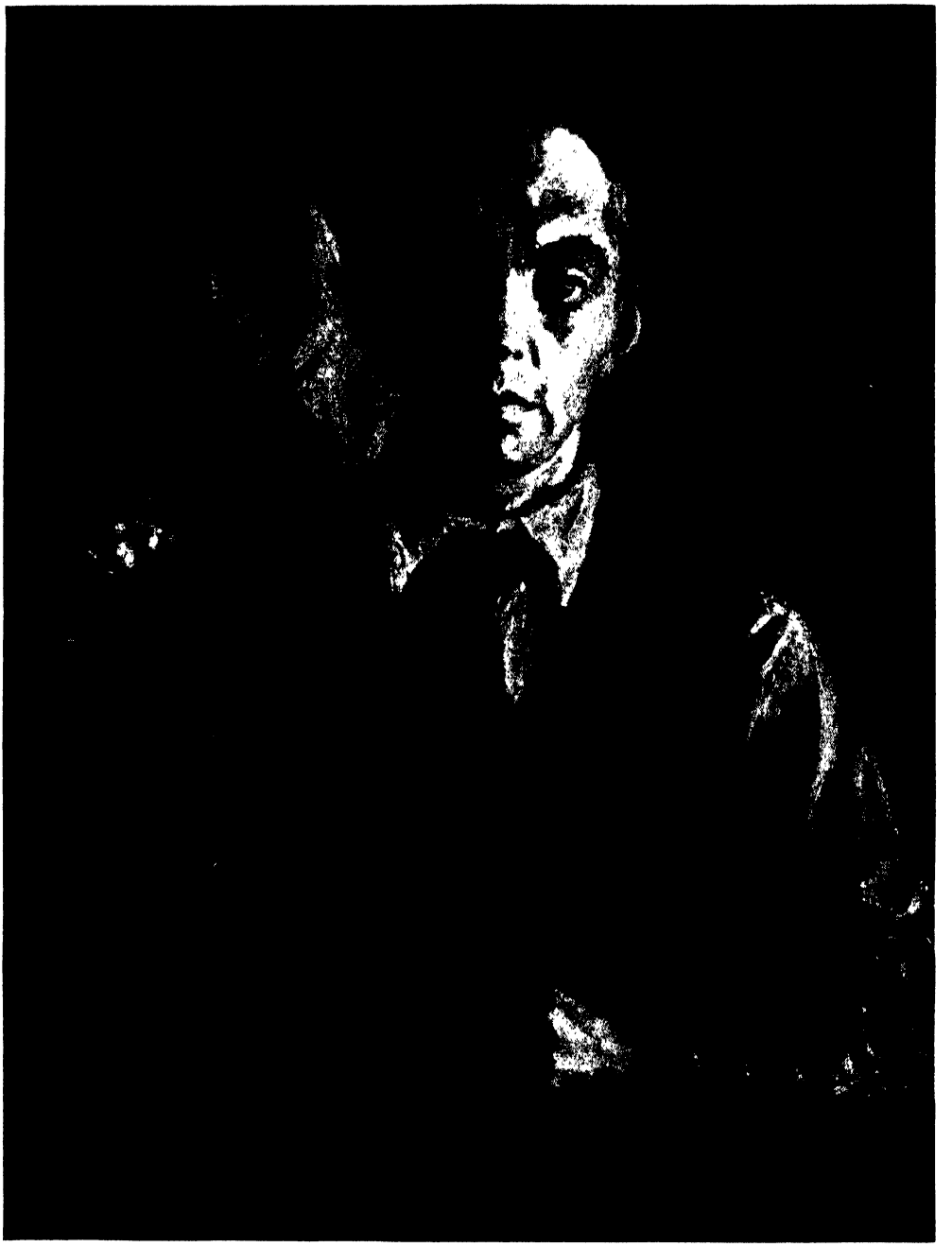
rehearsing or at rest, his treatment of their slender bodies is anything but ascetic. Yet the final impression upon the spectator is of youth that is ardent, idealistic, but unsure of achievement. The artist has again conveyed a message about the weak and the unsuccessful of our society. The message is unmistakable when he paints the same subjects as poorly dressed girls homeward bound from work, or simply as studies of heads. When there is neither the decorative color of a costume nor the beauty of the nude to distract the spectator from the face of the subject, the pathos of anonymity is obvious in all these canvases.

Taken together the two groups of paintings constitute a fair example of what is often called "social art." It is a phrase that will not stand severe critical analysis, for it implies that some art does not have a social origin or that it fails to express or satisfy some current in or preoccupation of society—either implication being absurd. Its value is largely that of a slogan, and as such it has had an influence and an effect. It refers, of course, to the contemporary interest in the life, problems, and aspirations of the masses, and it was used in the struggle against the conception that only the fashionable, the romantic, and the lurid are worthy of the artist's attention. It was a call to action—to persuade artists to become part of the progressive social movements of our time, to express them and paint for them—in short, to paint the people instead of either the aristocracy or bohemia. This general tendency, part of the increasing democratization of culture, no longer requires an *apologia*. It is accepted, without the slogans. Our art is pervaded by an awareness of the world we live in, and of the people who live in it. The slogans, and the battles out of which they were born, have done their work. Along with the paintings that represent the private, the anarchistic, the mathematical, and the purely aesthetic impulses, we are also getting paintings that represent certain social visions. Soyer's place in American art rests upon that fact. He is one of those who in our time have reunited humanity and art. He has been a force in the movement that has turned the artist's eye toward the submerged and the oppressed.

With that battle won, it might be supposed that Soyer would continue indefinitely to swim with the current he helped create. That has not been the case. His point of view and his essential artistic impulses are constant, but his interests and sensibilities are, as I have said, broadening. During the past few years a happier mood has begun to appear in his canvases and a greater interest in abstract and formal problems. This development manifested itself

first in a changing palette. The "social" paintings of the 1930's were dominated by browns, greys, and olive greens—colors befitting the "depression" subjects he dealt with, but somewhat less than felicitous in his paintings of dancers. Even the latter subjects were treated in subdued and inconspicuous colors. The yellows were dull, the blues melancholy. In his recent paintings, however, there are shining silvers, opalescent greens, charming pinks, bright roses and blues. It is as though the artist had finally permitted the sunlight to come into his studio; more, it is as though he himself had suddenly felt its warmth and gaiety in himself. The change has become noticeable in his treatment of the faces of his dancers. They are now in repose, their eyes are peaceful, their faces are often unashamedly pretty. Still more recently we have found the artist's eye relatively uninterested in their faces; it has turned toward their bodies, singly as isolated aesthetic objects, or in groups as interesting formal patterns. He has begun, in sum, to cope more seriously with structure and spatial relationships, even while remaining faithful to the subjects that were his first loves. He is moving closer to the tradition of Degas. And now at last he is beginning to paint landscapes, whereas not many years ago his only excursions from the studio were to paint city streets.

Artists with social vision and a feeling for aesthetic problems are not, in our day, excessively common. Hence one watches Soyer's development, in his present phase, with acute interest. He has reached a high enough level of maturity and made a sufficiently satisfactory personal adjustment to reality to warrant our anticipating a rich flow of canvases in the future. And in the meantime, the body of completed work represents a genuine American artist. I emphasize "American" because somehow we have been deluded into thinking that only works from Missouri or Iowa, only rural subjects, are native—as though the city were not American and as though the inbred Nordic farmer were any more American than the melting pot. There was a time, before the resurgence of provincialism and local arrogance, when the melting pot of the great city was the symbol and boast of this country. It was then, and will again be, the uniquely American characteristic. Moses Soyer represents it proudly.



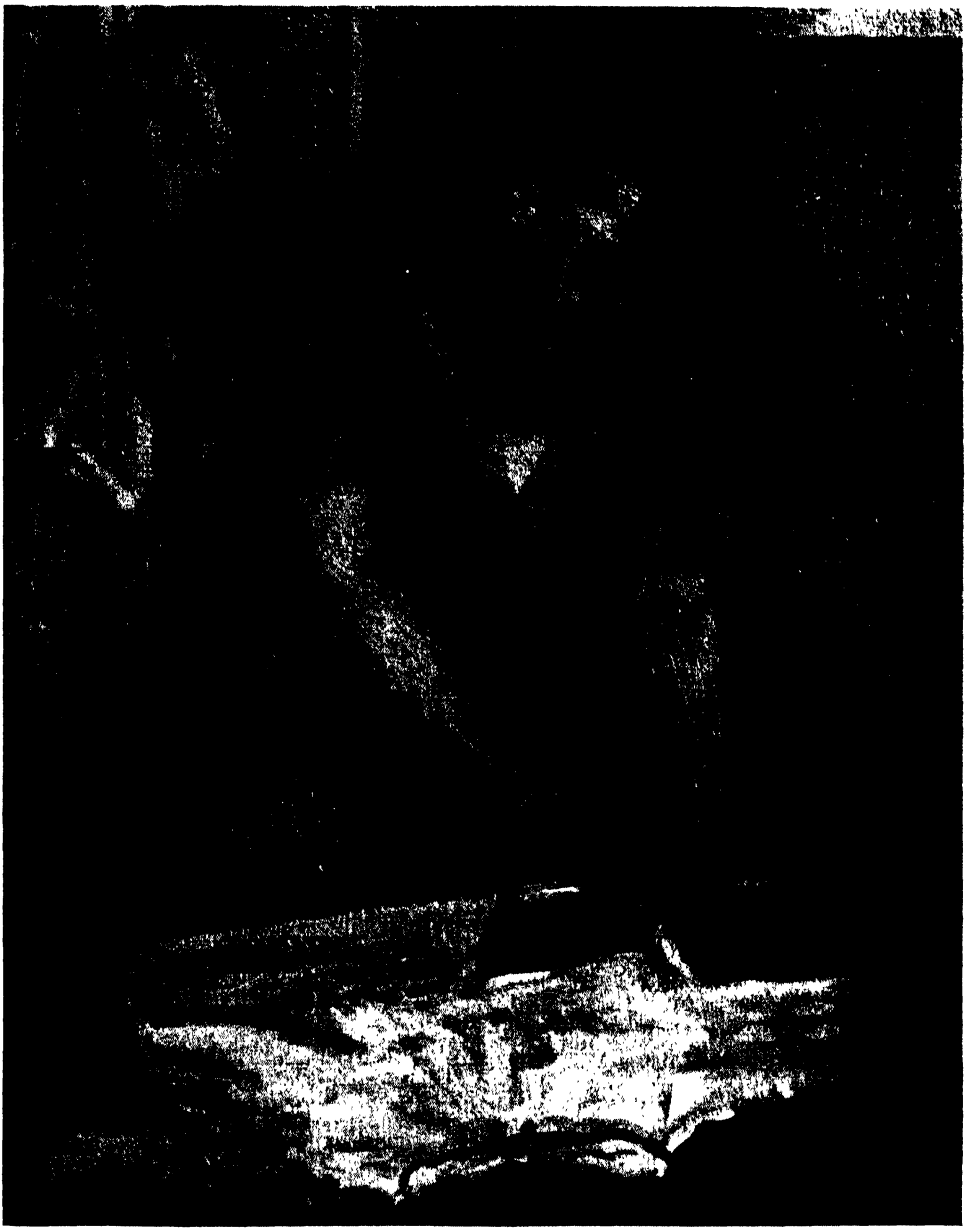
The Artist and His Wife. 1944.

Dancer. 1942. Collection Joseph H. Hirshhorn.

After Play 1941.

The Old Masters [David Burliuk and Joseph Stella]. 1944.

Reba, 1944.



Woman Ironing, 1935. Private Collection.

Girl at Sewing Machine, 1937. Collection Metropolitan Museum of Art

Alone. 1937. Collection Captain Marvin Linick.

Old Worker. 1938. Collection Phillips Memorial Gallery.

Dockworkers, 1940

Joseph Stella. 1944.

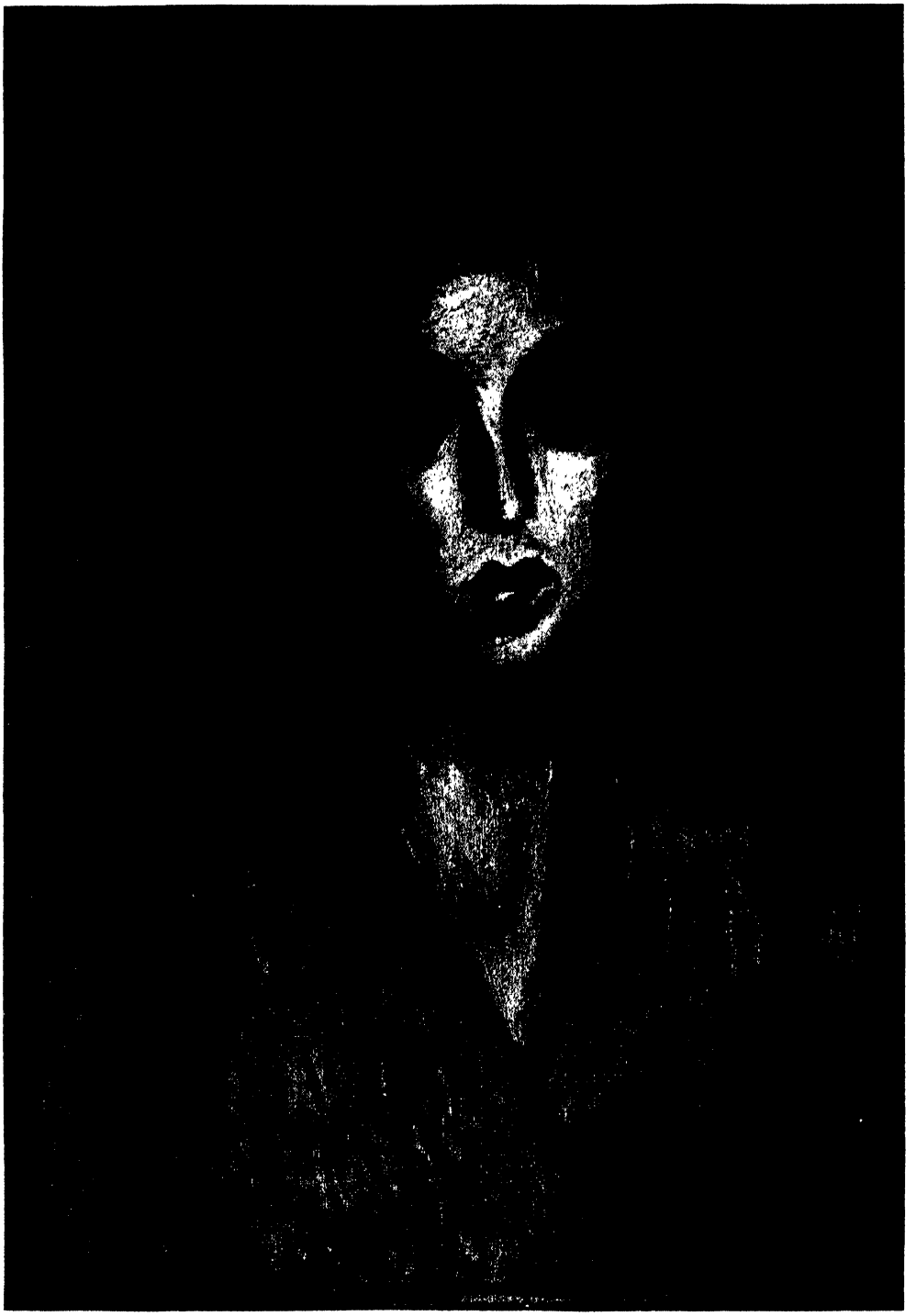
Anna. 1943.

The Artist's Family. 1931. Collection Emil J. Arnold.

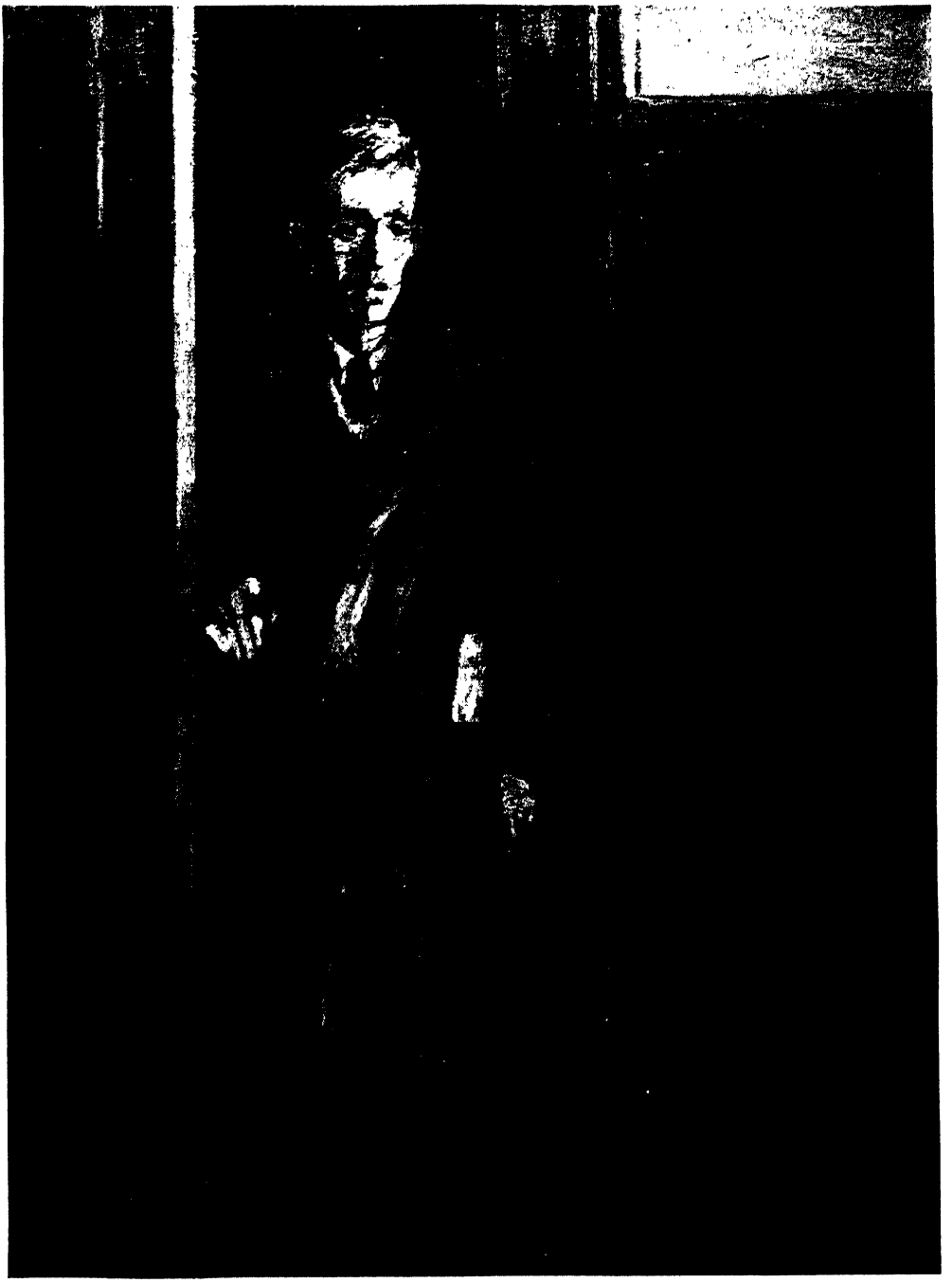
Morning 1942.

Mother and Child. 1941. Collection Dr. Felix Hoffman.

On the Threshold. 1942.



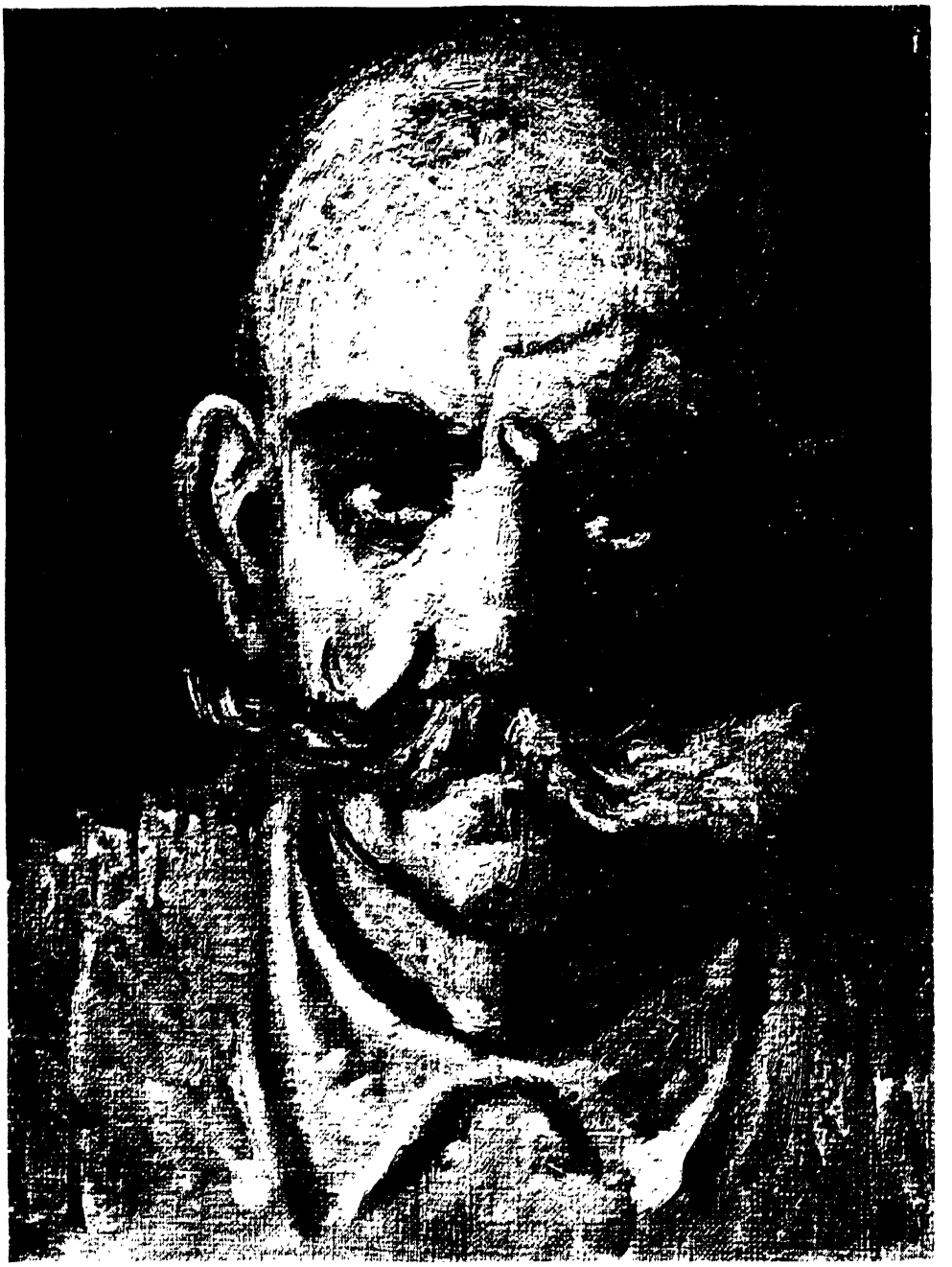
Girl in Red. 1940. *Collection Mr. & Mrs. Bernard Smith.*



Employment Agency. 1933.

Woman Ironing. 1943.

Young Girl. 1938. Collection S. Colten.



The Cobbler. 1943.

On Cue [The Artist's Wife]. 1944.

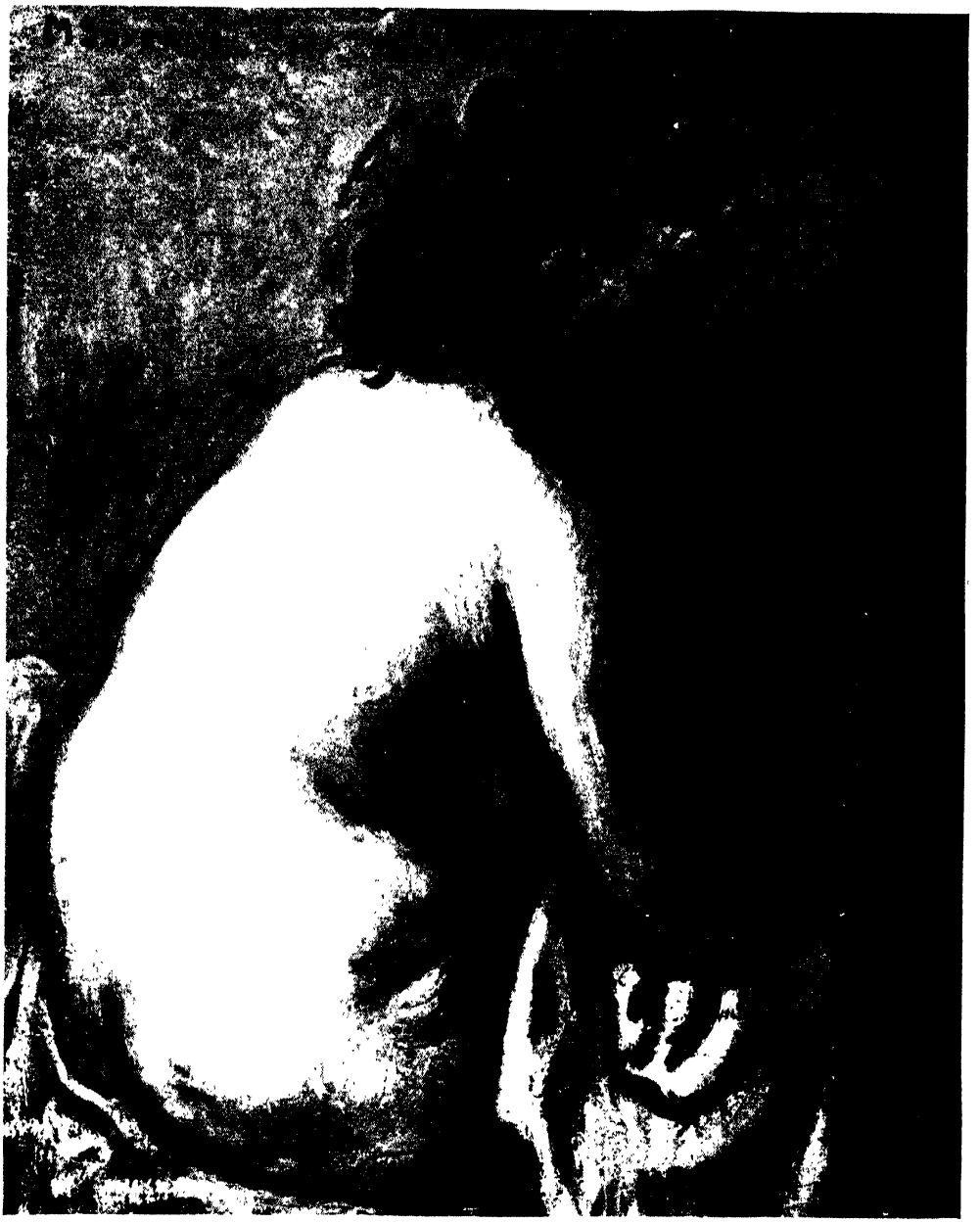
Three Dancers in Blue. 1940.

Nude Study, 1942.

Studio Gossip. 1944.

Rockport 1943

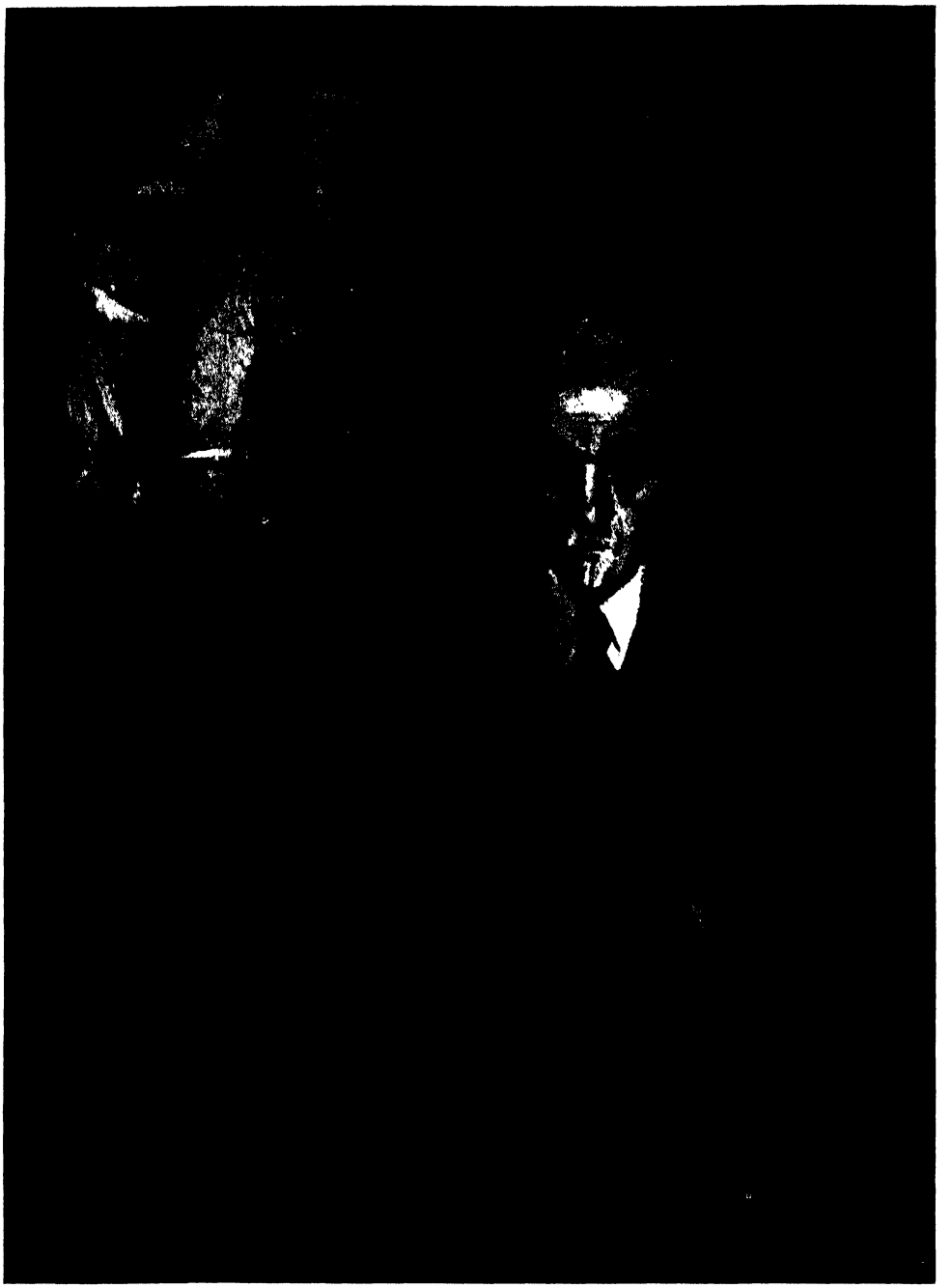
Appointment after Performance. 1943.



Nude, 1942.

Port de Bras. 1943.

Nell. 1944.



The Artist's Father. 1938. Collection Mr. & Mrs. Simon Beagle

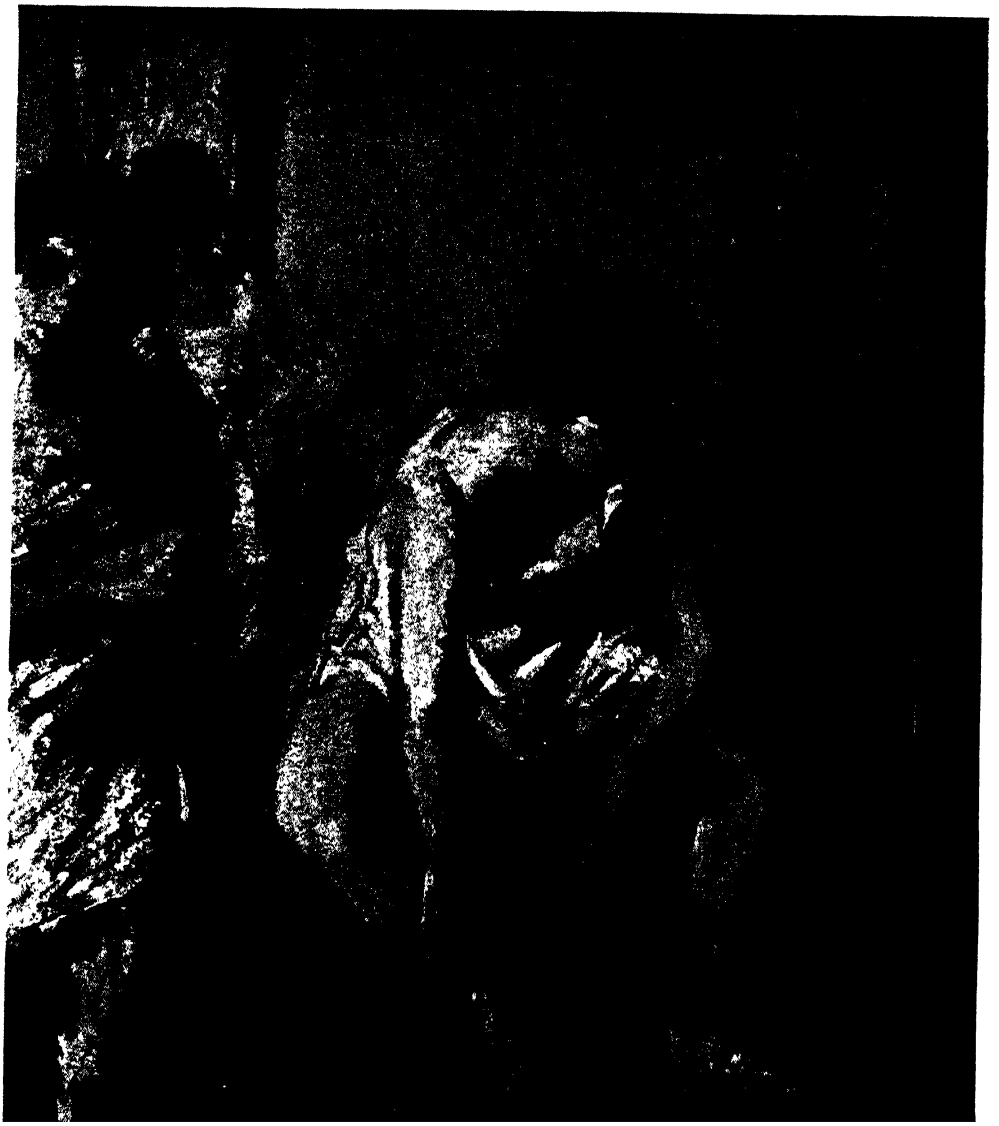
Bethune Street on Sunday 1935.

Madame Burlink [Detail]. 1942.

Girl Sleeping 1938.

The Kiss. 1943.

David and Bowie, 1974



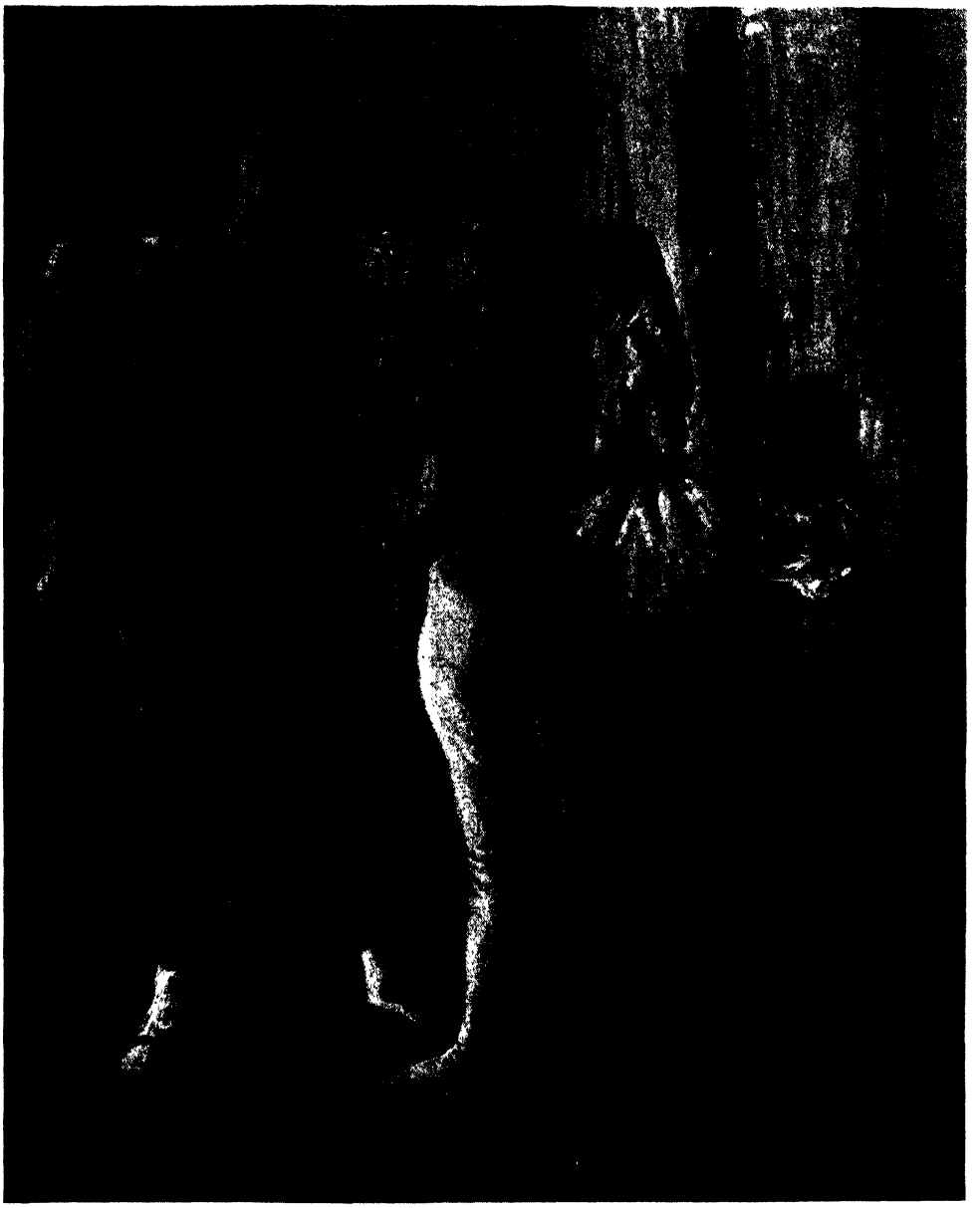
In the Studio. 1938.

Studies 1944.

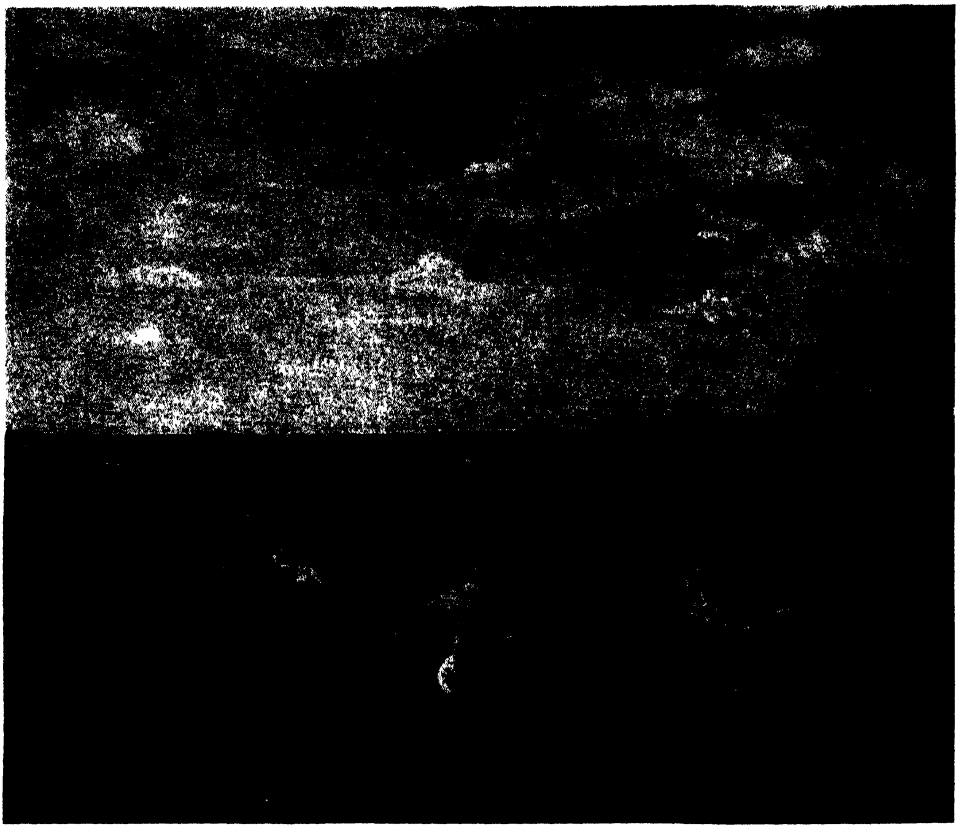
Nude, 1943.

The Ribbon. 1944.

Spanish Dancers. 1940.



Intermission. 1942. Collection Jack Passer.



June 6th, 1944.

LIST OF PAINTINGS

COLOR PLATE: THE NEW COSTUME.

1. THE ARTIST AND HIS WIFE.
2. DANCER.
3. AFTER PLAY.
4. THE OLD MASTERS [DAVID BURLIUK AND JOSEPH STELLA]
5. REBA.
6. WOMAN IRONING.
7. GIRL AT SEWING MACHINE.
8. ALONE.
9. OLD WORKER.
10. DOCKWORKERS.
11. JOSEPH STELLA.
12. ANNA.
13. THE ARTIST'S FAMILY.
14. MORNING.
15. MOTHER AND CHILD.
16. ON THE THRESHOLD.
17. GIRL IN RED.
18. EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.
19. WOMAN IRONING.
20. YOUNG GIRL.
21. THE COBBLER.
22. ON CUE [THE ARTIST'S WIFE].
23. THREE DANCERS IN BLUE.
24. NUDE STUDY.
25. STUDIO GOSSIP.
26. ROCKPORT.
27. APPOINTMENT AFTER PERFORMANCE.
28. NUDE.
29. PORT DE BRAS.
30. NELL.
31. THE ARTIST'S FATHER.
32. BETHUNE STREET ON SUNDAY.
33. MADAME BURLIUK [DETAIL].
34. GIRL SLEEPING.
35. THE KISS.
36. DAVID AND BEAMISH.
37. IN THE STUDIO.
38. STUDIES.
39. NUDE.
40. THE RIBBON.
41. SPANISH DANCERS.
42. INTERMISSION.
43. JUNE 6TH, 1944.

Two thousand copies have been printed
by The Salisbury Press in New York.

UNIVERSAL LIBRARY
143 287
UNIVERSAL LIBRARY